

Sunday Advertiser.

WALTER G. SMITH

EDITOR.

SUNDAY

JULY 8

CHRISTIANITY IN ACTION.

At the Lenten services of the Episcopal church in Honolulu two excellent papers were read by L. Tenney Peck and Charles F. Rhodes, the theme of each of which was Christianity as a life, directly applied to business. Mr. Peck dwelt specially on the influence of Christian practice and example in trade, commerce, manufacture and finance. Mr. Rhodes earnestly and comprehensively discussed the power of Christianity in relation to the higher politics, to the public welfare in legislative and executive administration, and to the maintenance of equal rights and of a high standard of justice between man and man.

These papers were timely and useful. Whatever diversity of views there may be upon theories and creeds, there is absolute unanimity among intelligent and educated citizens on the proposition that the diffusion of the fundamental principles of unified Christianity throughout modern progress, in all its phases, and their exemplification in the actual life of every day, would do more to suppress discords and antagonisms, to stimulate productive energy, to promote civilization as a whole, and thus to vindicate the American conception of human brotherhood, than all other processes combined.

One of the most dangerous arguments against Christianity by its enemies, though essentially sophistical and greatly exaggerated, has been the alleged disparity between theory and practice in the churches. It has been claimed that, in commercial and financial business, and in other connections, professors of the highest Christian ideals, most scrupulous in their observance of forms and ceremonies, have unhesitatingly employed methods that were inconsistent with ordinary integrity, and, while ostentatious in advertising philanthropy, have evinced a total lack of genuine sympathy and charity for their fellows. It has even been asserted that high ecclesiastical authorities have become so absorbed in the accumulation of money, albeit for good and worthy ends, that they have lost sight of the nobler spiritual forces that Christianity supplies, have disregarded the trenchant injunctions of St. James, and have ignored poverty in their subservience to wealth. These are stock diatribes among materialists, who assert the survival and the increase of the most selfish pharisaism.

The truth is that applied morality is fast becoming the dominant note of this century, as movements all over the United States and in other countries attest. The strenuous and unrelaxing official life of President Roosevelt, which converges on civic righteousness, is in itself a convincing demonstration of this fact, which, in those appeals that touch individual consciences, has been supplemented and reinforced by the use of particular seasons for self-examination, not only in the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, but among all Christian denominations.

Personal example and conduct, governed by changeless principle, is a powerful equation in the ramifications of business. Perfected individualism would obviously produce perfected conditions. This contribution to a stable and advancing civilization is the special mission of the churches in their bearing upon secular development. Every righteous and earnest man, who is the same on Monday as he was on Sunday, who, in his particular occupation, practices the morality that has a religious sanction, is a propagandist of that poised character which alone can solve the problems and harmonize the diversities of modern life.

There is another element that unconsciously cooperates with Christianity and is perhaps a striking evidence of its essential truth. The law of necessity is enforcing better standards in business. Labor and capital, as never before, are organized into large and far-reaching combinations, which depend upon exact systems. In the intricate and nice adjustments that hold these organizations together and secure their prosperity, every worker, of either sex, has precise duties to perform and is invested with definite responsibility. Immorality of any kind would so disturb the balance of cooperating forces that, if tolerated, the machinery of enterprise would be disintegrated. In every place, from the lowest to the highest, the demands for bodily health, for mental clearness and equilibrium, for the power of concentration, for unflinching industry, for fidelity to obligations, for scrupulous integrity, become more and more exacting and relentless. The man or the woman connected with the industrial interests of the day, who fails to realize these propositions, is a failure and is speedily thrown aside. The civilized world is engaged in a progress which compels the exercise of all human power in its utmost tension and with which the waste or degradation of body or mind is incompatible. This is a central fact that has to be universally confessed as of supreme authority in the twentieth century.

If business, in that broad sense which comprises all the industrial operations of individuals and of society, is propelled by evolution, then it has already become evident that the Moral Law, whether regarded from the Christian or the materialistic standpoint, is the ruling factor in civilization. A strong argument for Christianity is that it supplies the true rule, not only for the life that is to come, but for the life that now is. The extension of its moral code to the realm of industry, through individual righteousness on the one hand and receptive necessity on the other, marks its incomparable power and protects humanity against retrogression and pessimism.

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY HARRY H. KEMP.

The God of Magnificent Cities, who maketh a fact of a dream, And mountains of masses of granite to the tune of shrill whistles and steam— He said: "I will build me a city of temple and market and quay, To commerce with tropical islands and yellow hordes over the sea."

So the clangor of sledges went tinkling to the wondering face of the sun. As ants scale the trunks of high cedars his masons crept on, one by one, Along huge skeleton scaffolds, sure footed, practised of eye, And guided the long steel girders which swung through the spaces of sky. And thus there was builded a city, a million spired youth, a world-mart, Which roared like a sea-shell with noises of traffic and labor and art.

In the course of the days and the seasons the Titan of Earthquake awoke; The human-placed burden it irked him and weighed on his neck like a yoke; So merely he turneth him over with a primitive savage's mirth, And sendeth out smoke from his nostrils, and tosseth a handful of earth. And the lordly tall buildings collapsed, of the strength of their sinews beguiled, As a playhouse of blocks tumbles down at the blow of a petulant child.

Said the God of Magnificent Cities, the placer of granite and beam: "My Rome is the laughter of nations, my Carthage and Athens a dream; My olden Assyrian cities, and those of the Pharaohs of old, Are one with the kisses of Helen, are one with a tale that is told, The haunt of the sun-loving lizard and jackal, the awe of the band Of wandering nomads which blunder upon them half buried in sand, But I will rebuild me this city and shape it to grandeur again; For I never have meant it for marmots, but as habitation for men."

Lo! once more the church bells, the whistles, the ships that go through out the bay, With forward sweep, and the sea gulls a-wing in the wake of their way! And once again the hammers, the noises of traffic, the cry Of artizan voices, the atomlike builders who climb in the sky!

O God of Magnificent Cities, O pillar of granite and beam, The nations are waiting and watching to see Thee refashion Thy dream.

—From the Independent (May 12).

The danger of sending telegrams is shown in the following story: A member of Parliament was to have made a speech at a certain town, and being unable to do so because the heavy rains had destroyed the branch railway, sent a telegram as follows: "Cannot come; wash out on line." In a few hours the reply came: Never mind; borrow a shirt.

"Gaffer has made enough money to end his days with." "Jail or Senate?"—Life.

THE BYSTANDER



The Great Grandsons
Unhappy Captain Tutt.
The Deacon's Change of
Heart.
The Sounding Cymbals.
Chrysanthemum English.
The Melancholy Kidd.
Hot Weather Blinks.
A Silurian's Growl.
A Confident Singer.
In Public Life.

Speaking as a friendly Hessian I want to compliment the Great Grandsons of the American Revolution upon getting in with the fourth of July. It's an anniversary that beats that of Bunker Hill as surely as the regular British beat the colonial British on that eventful Boston day. I have long suspected that the Great Grandsons chose Bunker Hill day because of a legend that the great-grandfather of Compatriot Jones was on the hill, where he fit and bled and hiked with the rest of them. But it seems we were all mistaken. The compatriot disposed of that myth the other night when he said that his great-grandfather was shingling a house up in New Hampshire when the first shot was fired. As it was a loud shot—for we are told it was heard around the world—it perhaps jarred the first compatriot Jones off the roof. If it did I hope he got a pension. However, the point is that he was so far away that he couldn't possibly have reached Boston in time to join the suburban handicap which was pulled off as soon as the regular British rang the bell. And so vanishes the Jones tradition and there seems to be no reason now why the Great Grandsons shouldn't celebrate something else.

My condolences to Captain Tutt. Soon after he arrived, some Honolulu man ran the Anemone on the reef. Later, another one boarded his boat and destroyed his prize certificate and it cost him a pretty penny to get another one made. Incidentally his cook and some seamen deserted. Then when the yacht-banquet was given at the Moana Hotel a few of his new-made hosts ran up a bar bill on him for \$42 which he settled with the remark that he did not know who authorized it. Finally, when he got outside Diamond Head he was held up by a revenue launch and his yacht searched for a deserter from the Manning. The experience must have been an illuminating one for Tutt and his account of it when he returns to his club is likely to be pungent of not promiscuous.

I see that Deacon Testa is moving like a toiling mass in his effort to get back the citizenship he forfeited by misuse of the mails. Rumor has it that he wants to run for the Legislature. As Testa never lost a chance after annexation to declare that he was "an American by compulsion" and that the day was a black one when Hawaii came under the Stars and Stripes—vide files of his now defunct paper, The Independent—the change of heart is indeed startling. It must be cold and hard of times outside the starry pale. The deacon no longer "curses the day" that he was made a citizen but yearns to snuggle under the wings of the eagle and get any little scraps which the noble bird may leave in the nest. Loss of the privilege of running for office has made an Earnest Patriot of Testa.

The Montana people say what The Bystander has humbly remarked in his time that the Hawaiian band runs too much to brass. For indoor work—and outdoor work, too, for that matter—it would do better with more reed instruments—yes, and with string instruments also. The difference between the music of a Mexican military band and Berger's is that between the cheer of silver sleighbells and the boom of brazen fire-alarms. In Mexico the reed and string instruments predominate; in Hawaii brass and the bass drum have the call. The Hawaiian Kapellmeister's training was military—he got it when Germany was all cannon-salutes and Wagnerian ding-dong and smash. In his old age he has grown a bit deaf, it is said, and can only hear the big music. Hence the complaint in Montana and the probability that the Royal Hawaiian, on this tour, will win its greatest successes out of doors. In an average theater it plays havoc with an ear attuned to concert of sweet sounds.

After giving the name of his new saloon, its Japanese proprietor says: I bought the above named saloon and am glad to have your future patronage.

I sell every stuff by glass, gallon, or keg.

For the opening of my saloon, every body will be CORDIALLY WELCOMED AND TREATED FREE, at the next Monday, July 2nd, from 10 A. M. until 7 P. M.

Cards and signs, written by Japanese in their best English are as fearfully and wonderfully contrived as they would be if written by Americans in their best Japanese. I once saw a large sign, French inflections, and paused appalled, wondering whether it was a Japanese frog pond or a clinic. But it was merely a candy store with Parisian bonbons for sale.

That was not a funeral passing—it was Kidd. He had just read the telegram announcing that Hearst is out of the race for the Presidency. Kidd had been measuring himself for another barrel and feels that he must now turn the measurement over to the undertaker and use it for something else. Still, hope need not die in brother Kidd's yearning breast, for Hearst probably doesn't mean it. He is merely trying to deprive the Bryan men of the advantage of fighting socialism in his person. That's all. By-and-by the ashes of ambition will be raked over and the Hearst boom will come to life like a bad smell.

I see the rink has closed for the summer. Whether it will open again I can't say, but I want to give everybody a free pointer about such enterprises in the tropics. Don't expect to get rich out of any scheme which makes the people work their passage. The thing that pays is the thing that saves locomotion and sweat. That is why the Rapid Transit did so well from the start. All you had to do was to get on, pay a nickel and ride. Observe that the merry-go-round is still running. A rink is healthful but heating. It does one good at one's own expense of muscle and wind. Next time try a shoot the chutes machine or a toy railroad.

Heavens and earth! "Scattering the trade of Honolulu" by sending the naval station to Pearl Harbor and building another town there. Where would our small suburban towns, if we had them, supply their stores but in Honolulu? Where would the inhabitants come for their principal shopping and amusements, if not to Honolulu? The small towns near a big one act upon the latter as the small streams do upon the big river. Without them the river would be shallow and slow. Every city that prospers gets a goodly share of its wealth from the smaller places around it, of which it is the supply depot. To come to the point, a big naval station would be worth two million dollars a year to this city, and Pearl Harbor, is the only place on this island where such a station could be built. There is no room on Honolulu harbor for drydocks, arsenals, foundries, machine shops, barracks, parade grounds and the like, nor could they be defended if there were, so if ever a decision is reached to keep the naval station here it will be a sure sign that Congress has made up its mind to leave this place out of its program of big things. We shall be left with two wharves, a company of marines, a corral and a coal pile. Nice prospect, yet it seems to be one that some of our local silurians prefer.

Speaking of the Master of the Universe, the Eternal Father, I stood on a street corner last night and heard a young man say, over forty times, "I know (Continued on page 11.)"

COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

Nothing is doing in stocks, practically, although sugar has gone up nearly \$2.50 a ton since last report. This stagnation in local securities is due to the uncertainty of the labor supply. While generally there is labor enough to take care of the crop now very largely harvested, yet there is not a sufficiency of field forces to keep the 1907 crop in good cultivation. Mr. Stackable is away to Europe in quest of labor settlers from the Azores and Northern Italy. Mr. Judd is in the Philippines trying to procure families of those islanders for our plantations and it is reported will shortly be joined by George Ross, former manager of Hakalau plantation, who is reported to have intended going through from San Francisco in the Siberia. Meanwhile the planters, while with more or less cordiality assenting to the Government policy of domiciled labor of a class suitable for citizenship, are saying that if they could obtain more Japanese at this juncture the situation would be relieved.

Hawaiian stocks are in good favor in San Francisco, the following quotations there being of June 29, bid and asked respectively: Hawaiian C. & S. Co. 83 and 85, Honolulu 11½ and 11½, Hutchinson 14 and 14½, Makaweli 34½ and 35, Onomea 32½ and 32½, Paauhau 18 3-5 and 18½, Union 45 and 46½, Union (pool) 45 b. Sales were 50 Paauhau at 18½, 100 Makaweli at 34½, 50 Paauhau at 18½.

From 3.61c. pound, \$72.20 ton, 96 test centrifugals at New York have advanced in the week to 3.734375c. pound, \$74.6875 ton, while the parity for European beets has advanced from \$75.20 to \$76.20 a ton.

Stocks on the local exchange have remained almost stationary in prices, the transactions for the week having been as follows: Honoum (\$100), 5 at \$140; Hon. Brewing & Mfg. Co. (\$20), 40 at \$25.25; Kahuku (\$20), 40 at \$20; Ewa (\$20), 10, 10, 10, 10, 25, 90, 25 at \$23.62½; Waialua (\$100), 45, 50, 45, 50 at \$57, 20 at \$57.50; H. C. & S. Co. (\$100), 10, 10 at \$81.50; Ookala (\$20), 100, 100 at \$5.37½; Pepeekeo (\$100), 30 at \$145; Hon. Rapid Transit 6's, \$4000 at 105; McBryde (\$20), 50 at \$5.37½.

LAND MATTERS, CORPORATIONS, ETC.

Under foreclosure of mortgage of Kaahue et al. to Albert Alves d'Araujo, three parcels of land aggregating about 75 acres in North Kona, Hawaii, were sold at Morgan's salesrooms yesterday to the order of C. Bolte for \$775.

A mortgage is recorded from Anton W. C. Cropp to H. Hackfeld & Co., Ltd., of 1667 shares Koloa Sugar Co. for \$27,000 and advances to \$50,000. Koloa stock is quoted at \$150 a share.

On July 19 a motion will be presented in the U. S. District Court that the trustee in bankruptcy of Hart & Co., Ltd., be authorized to sell the property at public auction and in the meantime to continue the business of the Elite ice cream parlors.

Articles of incorporation have been filed for the Hilo Pineapple Co., with capital of \$25,000 and a limit of \$100,000. The company takes over the Lyman, Kelsey and Andrews places, forming a pineapple plantation. The officers are F. S. Lyman, president; L. A. Andrews, vice-president; Levi C. Lyman, secretary; H. E. Kelsey, treasurer; D. E. Metzger, auditor; and Thomas Mutch, J. D. Lewis and N. C. Wilfong, directors.

The Hotel Baths, Ltd., has filed articles of incorporation. Its capital is \$12,000 in shares of \$10 each par value and its directors are J. L. Woods, W. A. Kinney, R. W. Shingle, Geo. P. Cooke, A. A. Young, Carl Ramus, M. P. Robinson, D. P. R. Isenberg and L. Petrie. Its purpose is to construct and operate baths and a contract has been let to the Concrete Construction Co. to erect the buildings, which is to be upon the lot in Hotel street, adjoining the Y. M. C. A., leased from Mrs. Cowes for 25 years.

The Agricultural and Industrial Corporation of Hawaii, Ltd., seeks incorporation. Its incorporators, with officers and shares subscribed for, are as follows: Edward H. Edwards, president, 395 shares; Geo. A. Gonsalves, secretary, 10 shares; Ernest Hutchison, treasurer, 10 shares; Wm. Lishman, 100 shares; M. A. Gonsalves, 100 shares and 180 more as trustee; J. J. Drummond and J. I. Silva. The capital stock is \$10,000 in shares of \$10 each, with privilege of increase to \$50,000. Among the purposes are the distillation of tropical products and the manufacture and sale of cordials, elixirs, essences and extracts.

St. Louis College Alumni Association, at its annual meeting a week ago, resolved to become incorporated for \$5000 and erect a building.

Land Commissioner Pratt has given out a statement showing that more than 40,000 acres of public lands in all districts of the Islands are practically available for settlement. In the first land district (Hilo and Puna) are untaken 619 lots, comprising 26,747.90 acres, appraised at \$132,783.33. Untaken in the second land district (Hamakua and Kohala) are 101 lots, area 2977 acres, value \$16,893.97; in the third land district (Kona and Kau), 150 lots, 5852.67 acres, \$24,760.44 value. In the fourth land district (Maui and Molokai) are 209 lots, containing 5227.95 acres, valued at \$4061.41. The fifth land district (Oahu) has 101 lots, making 230.40 acres, value \$26,933.50. On Kauai, the sixth land district, are 29 lots, 168.15 acres, \$582.38 value. Totals, 1209 lots, 41,204.57 acres, \$206,017.03 valuation. Appraisements allow no value for homestead lots.

Lands to be available for settlement when leases have expired in 1906, according to another schedule, comprise 269,509.90 acres, of which 6302.92 is agricultural, 75,097.68 pastoral, 46,139 forest and 141,970 acres waste land. And in 1907 lands from the same cause to become available for settlement, lease, sale or other disposition aggregate 208,409.93 acres, made up of 6775.27 agricultural, 79,928 pastoral, 14,116.66 forest and 107,280 acres waste.

The Land Commissioner proposes to put up a number of lots, from four to twelve acres in area, at Hauula, about six miles beyond Kahuku on this island, (Continued on Page 11.)

LITTLE TALKS

FRANK THOMPSON—I'm betting that the Nuuanu dam will be diagnosed for valvular disease.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—The Jubilee paper was fine. I think the jokes of fifty years ago were better than those they make now.

CHARLEY BOOTH—Yes, I got \$1200 cash for the Reynolds option, but Fred Wundenberg is up here watching the hole it went in.

JAMES M'INEENEY—We are in a bad way here with an overdue tidal wave from the sea and an expected flood from the Nuuanu dam.

C. S. DESKY—Put it down in your book that Honolulu is right up against the biggest real estate boom in its history. Let me show you a few ground-floor lots.

L. M. WHITEHOUSE—I am sorry the Governor did not see fit to appoint the commission recommended by the Merchants' Association. No matter what Mr. Kellogg will report now, I suppose there will be a howl.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR—Allan Herbert's generosity and hospitality in entertaining employees who rarely have an opportunity to enjoy an outing is one of the most commendable things. It is a hint to other people.

JUDGE LINDSAY—Hawaiians didn't have much poi in the old days. Many of them lived in districts where taro couldn't be raised. What there was of poi went mainly to the chiefs. The staple food of the common people was sweet potatoes.

CAPTAIN COMBE—The Japanese sailors we have aboard the Restorer are to be depended upon. They work from morning until night and when they finish a job it is sure to be done. With a union crew it's hard to tell where we would be at.

JUDGE LINDSAY—The talk I used to hear about developing power from the Pali winds was referred by me to an engineering professor at college. He was not enthusiastic. He said if the wind blew 60 miles an hour all the time—a hurricane—it might develop a little power but not enough for any significant commercial use. It might run a few sewing machines.

M. C. PACHECO—During the present agitation against certain classes of liquor licenses and in favor of high license and local option, I have not heard one word of protest against the existence of what I consider to be the greatest evil under the present liquor law—the booths or boxes in certain cafes run in connection with certain saloons. These booths or boxes are nothing more than places of assignation where young girls are lured to their ruin; and, I believe the county should pass an ordinance compelling the removal of these alcoves of immorality, as was done in San Francisco. It is also the duty of the next Legislature to restrict the sale of intoxicating liquors to week days only, in cafes that are run as adjuncts to saloons.